



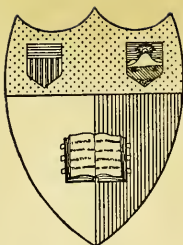
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SONNETS.





# SONNETS.

BY

SIR AUBREY DE VERE BART.

*A NEW EDITION*



LONDON

BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING

196 PICCADILLY.

1875

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Sonnets were included in a volume published by my father in 1842, and entitled, "A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises, and other Poems."\* To them is prefixed the Memoir which precedes "Mary Tudor," as recently re-published.

AUBREY DE VERE.

*Oct. 6, 1875.*

\* William Pickering.





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## MEMOIR.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE was born at Curragh Chase, in the county of Limerick, on the 28th of August, 1788. He received his school education at Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Lord Byron, and of Sir Robert Peel, the latter of whom once wrote, to save his friend trouble, a copy of Latin verses so good that the "fine Roman hand" was well-nigh detected, and the two boys with difficulty escaped punishment. He went to no University. He was little more than eighteen when, on the 12th of May, 1807, he married Mary, eldest daughter of Stephen Edward Rice, Esq., and sister of the late Lord Mont-eagle. His affection for the latter exceeded that which commonly unites brothers, and constituted the chief friendship of his life. In his earlier boyhood he had been placed at Ambleside, under the care of a private tutor, the Rev. John Dawes; and the beautiful scenery of the lake country, two visits to which were among the happiest incidents of his maturer years, early taught him that appreciation of Nature which marked his poetry.

at a time when the power of describing rural beauty with truth and vividness was less valued than in later days. Walking, after the lapse of forty-five years, beside the Rotha, one of the clear streams of that country, he recognized and pointed out with delight the rock from which he had first cast his line into the water, at the age of twelve. A scene once beheld, indeed, he never forgot: and, as was remarked by a painter, it might have been delineated from his description. The characteristic features were those which impressed him, not the objects most striking when taken by themselves. His first poetry was prompted by his love of Nature; but he produced comparatively little till he was past thirty, and then it was the drama which attracted him. "Julian the Apostate" was published in 1822, and dedicated to the Earl of Limerick, brother of his mother, who had resided with him during the years of her widowhood. In 1823 his second drama, "The Duke of Mercia," appeared, and was dedicated to his father-in-law.

The sonnet was with him to the last a favourite form of composition. This taste was fostered by the magnificent sonnets of Wordsworth, whose genius he had early hailed, and whose friendship he regarded as one of the chief honours of his later life. For his earlier sonnets he had found a model chiefly in the Italian poets, especially Petrarch and Filicaja. Like



Filicaja also, who so well deserved the inscription graven on his tomb, "*qui gloriam literarum honestavit*," he valued the sonnet the more because its austere brevity, its severity, and its majestic completeness fit it especially for the loftier themes of song. We have heard of the "smooth sonneteer" with his "graceful amorous effusions," while, on the other hand, an eminent writer has sneered at the Sonnet as a penfold for luckless stray thoughts. As well might we go to some work of Pye for our type of the Epic. A true sonnet is characterized by greatness, not prettiness; and, if complex in structure, it is in substance solidly simple. Its oneness is its essence. It is not a combination of many thoughts, but the development of a single thought so large and fruitful as to be, latently, a poem. It is in poetry what a Collect is in devotion. Within its narrow compass there is room at once for meditation and for observation, for the imaginative and the impassioned: and these four blended elements, far from impairing, intensify its unity. Its philosophy is that of Intuitive Reason, and in the drily didactic it has no part. Its difficulty stimulates power where real power exists; and the spontaneity of poetic genius accepts the bracing discipline, and survives within it. In its solemn mood the sonnet seems as if it should be graven on marble: yet it can be buoyant as a flower, and bright as a

dewdrop. While enriched by rhymes, it also demands, like the Miltonic blank verse, a nobler music varying from the amplest to the subtlest cadences of metrical harmony. It requires a diction strong, pure, felicitous, and lucid. It should end with an increased ascent and elevation, or else with a graduated dying away.\*

The great modern master of the sonnet, Wordsworth, pronounced those of Sir Aubrey de Vere to be among the most perfect of our age. Whether they illustrated Nature, embodied thought, or expressed imaginative emotion, his severe judgment noted in them the artist's hand faithful to the best ancient models, and the truthful soul of a poet. That form of composition suited the author's genius, which was serious. His poetry not only did not seek some allurements which have graced, or disgraced, much verse of a later date, but it dispensed also with many attractions which are irreproachable. It was as an utterance of man's spiritual being, and also of his affections, not of our lower passions, fancies, or dialectic crochets, that he chiefly valued poetry; and, in each case, the sonnet, if an arduous, was also a truthful form for such expression. The sincerity of his poetic imagination is marked especially in those sonnets which refer, with a manly pathos, to a few linked to him by domes-

\* "Rising loudly  
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly."  
KEATS.

tic bonds, or by old association—some early removed, and one his survivor for nearly ten years—and not less in those which make confession of a religious faith that deepened in him with advancing years, but ever retained its childlike simplicity.

His political sonnets were in part inspired by a deeply rooted chivalrous sentiment, by his devotion to monarchical and ecclesiastical institutions, and by his reverence for the past; but they illustrate not less forcibly the compatibility of the most zealous loyalty with a genuine love of liberty, and breathe the spirit of an age when no one supposed the regal and the popular principles to be at variance, and when nobility stood remote from exclusiveness. This will be seen at once by one who compares his sonnets on Charles I. and James II. with those entitled the "Liberty of the Press," and "The True Basis of Power." Like Burke, if he hated Jacobinism, he hated despotism and oppression no less. Some would have called him a "moderate Tory," but he found no party with which he was in general sympathy. He was too much of the old Cavalier to be a "No Popery" and Protectionist Tory; and as little did he admire such spurious Liberalism as "plunders churches to endow a school," and places its faith in a ballot "tempered" by secular education. By education he understood that which, by whatever means, develops the humanities without needlessly stimulating

vanity or envy, disciplines the moral nature, refines manners, sweetens life, and brightens its decline with an immortal hope.

.Sir Aubrey de Vere was in the true, but not the common sense of the word, a patriot, brooding like Wordsworth on the past greatness of his country, and, like him, identifying her greatness in the ages to come with her growth, not in wealth, but in wisdom, in virtue, and in a temperate justice true to principle, but not mistaking prejudice for principle. His profound love for England, the land of his remoter ancestors, has left a record in the series of his historical sonnets. His love for Ireland, the land of his birth, expressed itself no less in his "Lamentation of Ireland," and in those sonnets written at very various periods as he sat in her ruined abbeys, or trod her iron-bound coasts. If the same loyal and impartial love had been felt both for England and for Ireland by those who during so many years have been bound to both of them, and bound alike by duty and by interest, it is possible that those two countries would not have been so slow to understand each other. He could sympathize alike with both her races, Norman and Gael, in their early battles and their later trials. The union of the two countries, a union made real by united affections, he regarded as equally essential to the honour and interests of both; and for this

union he had regarded religious equality as a pre-condition, when it was fashionable to think otherwise.

After 1823, Sir Aubrey de Vere published little, with the exception of a few translations from the Italian and the Greek, till the year 1842, when the "Song of Faith" appeared. The cause of this long silence is to be found partly in the occupations which belong to a country gentleman and resident proprietor, and partly in his singular modesty. With him the love of fame could never have been a predominant motive of action. An additional incentive to labour it might have been. But fame had not come to him, and he did not go in search of it. He was both studious and social; and his passionate attachment to the fine arts was not diminished by the seclusion in which he lived. In sickness he would sometimes have lists of pictures in foreign galleries read aloud to him, and guess how the subjects were treated by the various masters. In his hands, indeed; the adornment of his family residence became one of the fine arts, and was carried out with the eye of a painter. His reading was discursive, military works interesting him not less than poetry or history. From his boyhood he had approached military subjects with the ardour of a soldier, studying campaigns, ancient and modern, with the aid of maps as well as books, a habit to which he

probably owed his minute geographical knowledge, and a singular power of realizing, as a tactician might, the relative position of remote places. Probably not more than two years of his life, scattered over its various portions, were spent in the composition of his larger works; but when he wrote, it was with rapidity, though with the conscientious carefulness of an intellect instinctively scholarly. He did not need solitude in order to concentrate his attention; and much of his poetry was written with children playing in the room. His most considerable work, "Mary Tudor," an expression of his sympathy with great qualities obscured by great errors and great calamities, was composed under more serious difficulties, in intervals of severe illness, during his last year, and was published after his death. He died on the 28th of July, 1846, in the 58th year of his age, in the home of his infancy, and surrounded by his family.

There exists unfortunately no portrait which does justice to my father. In stature he was tall. He was remarkable for the music of his voice, especially when reading poetry; for the power of an eye, the clear grey of which brightened in gladness and changed to a darker tint if he heard of aught that was unworthy; and for the rare but not effeminate beauty of his hands. It is not for me to write of his character; but some readers whose insight de-

lights to trace a poet's moral lineaments in his verse have seen, or thought they saw, in his, a nature more common in past time than in these critical, self-conscious, and self-asserting days—a character obedient to high laws, and a disposition affluent in affections; an intellect large, proportioned, and judicious; a soaring spirit, and a temper ardent, but also magnanimous and urbane: and I remember that one who bent above him after his death, said, “In that brow I see three things—Imagination, Reverence, and Honour.”

Among the fragments left behind him were the lines, intended, no doubt, to illustrate the poet's office, and written shortly before his death, which are prefixed to this volume as a motto.

A. DE V.





## SONNETS.





TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR SIR,

TO know that you have perused many of the following Poems with pleasure, and did not hesitate to reward them with your praise, has been to me a cause of unmingled happiness.

In accepting the Dedication of those Poems, you permit me to link my name—which I have hitherto done so little to illustrate—with yours, the noblest of modern literature.

I may at least hope to be named hereafter as one among the friends of WORDSWORTH.

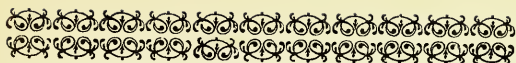
As such, I trust that you will ever regard your faithful

AUBREY DE VERE.

*Currah Chase,*

*May 20, 1842.*





## I. ON CHARACTER AND EVENTS.

### I.

#### DEATH OF THE PRINCESS

##### CHARLOTTE.

**L**OST Princess ! to whose beauty as a star  
Amid the stormy rack of a dark sky,  
Dwelling in deep retired serenity,  
The eyes of men looked wistfully from far :  
Thou who wert blest, as Princes seldom are,  
With household virtues, felt revivingly  
Like morning freshness to a world-sick eye,  
And love, which Death from heaven may not  
debar :  
For Thee, and thy fair babe, hopeless we grieve ;  
That tender pledge, which, dying at the birth,  
The dear maternal spirit would not leave :—  
All that is best of grandeur, all on earth  
That virtue can make holy, beauty's pride,  
The purity of love, in thee have died !

## II.

## THE PERVERSION OF LETTERS.

**T**IME was when books, sent forth without  
pretence,

Elaborately wrought with studious zeal,  
Were true exponents of the heart. To feel  
Strongly came first ; then speech, pure from  
offence,

Yet vigilantly fearless. Handmaid to Sense,  
Wit wrought for Reason ; Satire probed to  
heal ;

And Raillery, chafed spirits to anneal :  
Thus, genuine instincts to fulfil, and thence  
Good ends secure, the purpose was of all.

Men fight for triumph now ; transforming  
words  
To stings ; and poisoning Wisdom's fount with  
gall.

Books have cloaked meanings : a light tale  
affords

A mask for sour Polemicks ; and the curse  
Of Passion desecrates immortal verse !

## III.

## WATERLOO.

WHY have the Mighty lived—why have  
they died ?

Is it ever, thus, with idle wreck to strew

Fields such as thine, remorseless Waterloo ?

Hopeless the lesson ! Vainly hath ever cried  
Stern Fate to man—"So perish human pride !"

Still must the Many combat for the Few :

Still must the noblest blood fair earth bedew :

Tyrants, slaves, freemen, mouldering side by  
side !

On such a day the World was lost, and won,

By Pompey at Pharsalia : such a day

Saw glorious Hannibal a fugitive :

So faded 'neath the Macedonian Sun

Persia's pale star : so empire passed away

From Harold's brow,—but He disdained to  
live !

## IV.

## THE ITALIAN PEOPLE.

FROM CHIABRERA.

WHEN Italy's proud heart imposed the  
yoke

On the barbaric crew, and in the throng  
Of her pale slaves led captive kings along,  
Triumphantly, to the old Tarpeian rock ;  
Not then her warriors girt them for the shock  
Of arms to cadence of Italian song ;

But with a martial zeal ; while deep and strong  
O'er their fierce souls the tide of vengeance  
broke.

Lo ! through the whirlwind, 'neath the light-  
ning's glance,

Their thirsty spears, their iron limbs advance,  
Making earth terrible ! We, day by day,  
To dalliance, and sweet sound, and idle dance,  
Contented give our dastard souls away ;  
Prize of triumphant Force, each robber-despot's  
prey !



## V.

## THE FATE OF NORWAY.

WHERE was the mountain spirit that of old  
Trode the steep paths of liberty with Tell?  
The mighty Genius of that sacred mould  
By song and freedom hallowed, round the  
well  
Of Castaly, and famous Tempe's dell?  
Where was the Latian soul, that downward  
rolled  
Thrones in the dust? O where, when Norway  
fell,  
Spurned by the Free, by Despots bought and  
sold?  
O! Nations are the merchandise in which  
Kings love to traffic, and their slaves grow rich;  
And human blood, and earthly happiness,  
The awful price. In vain doth Wisdom preach!  
Men see these things, and feel them: yet not  
less  
Like dogs, their chains, the more they gall,  
caress.

## VI.

## SOUTH AMERICAN LIBERTY.

SURELY thy heart hath British blood—and  
graced

Are thy freed limbs with grandeur of that  
mould ;

Thy lion port as proud ; thy voice as bold  
In generous defiance ! Now, at last,  
Thy wrongs are numbered, and the die is cast  
For death—for death—or victory ! Thou  
dost hold

Communion with the undying Great of old,  
Tyrannicides Earth-worshipped as they passed.  
But hark—the strife augments ! O Liberty !

We hear thy groans, we feel the earthquake  
shocks

Of thy great agony ! all Nature rocks !  
Thou droop'st—thy glorious front grows pale  
—while we—

Cursed be the slavish hand, the traitorous  
frown,

That chills, and would for ever chain you  
down !

## VII.

## GLORY.

FROM GIULIO BUSSI.

GLORY, what art thou ? Thee, despite of  
pain,

And want, and toil, the brave heart cherisheth :  
Thee the pale student courts, wasting, in vain,  
His primal youth, thy worshipper in death.

Glory, what art thou ? Thine impartial breath  
Speaks woe to all : with pangs do men obtain

An empty boon that duly perisheth,  
Whose very fear of loss outweighs the gain.

Glory, what art thou then ? A fond deceit,  
Child of long suffering, empty air, a sweet

Prize that is sought with toil, but never found :  
In life, by every envious lip denied ;

In death, to ears that hear not a sweet sound :  
Glory—thou fatal scourge of human pride !

## VIII.

## LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

SOME laws there are too sacred for the hand  
Of man to approach; recorded in the  
blood

Of patriots; before which, as the Rood  
Of Faith, devotional we take our stand:  
Time-hallowed laws! magnificently planned  
When Freedom was the nurse of public good,  
And Power paternal: laws that have with-  
stood

All storms—unshaken bulwarks of the land!  
Free will, frank speech, an undissembling mind,  
Without which Freedom dies and laws are  
vain,

On such we found our rights, to such we  
cling:

In these shall Power his surest safeguard find.  
Tread them not down in passion, or disdain:  
Make Man a reptile, he will turn and sting.

## IX.

## TO LIBERTY.

1817.

SPIRIT, or Shadow ! Wheresoe'er thou art—  
Whose pitying countenance has watched  
for ages,  
With most indulgent tenderness of heart,  
Our growing foibles, through their thousand  
stages ;  
Now, when wild Want assails, and Faction  
rages,  
And the unbridled Vices round us start,  
When Power with Right a social conflict  
wages,  
And the worn patriot half resigns his part :  
O ! in this agony of life and fame,  
Turn not aside ; veil not thy glorious face ;  
Slight not our weakness now, O Liberty !  
But, terrible in action as in name,  
Bend on thy foes that brow of awful grace :  
Look, and they wither ; speak, and they  
shall die !

## X.

## THE TRUE BASIS OF POWER.

POWER'S footstool is Opinion, and his throne  
The Human Heart: thus only Kings  
maintain

Prerogatives God-sanctioned. The coarse  
chain

Tyrants would bind around us may be blown  
Aside, like foam, that with a breath is gone:

For there's a tide within the popular vein

That despots in their pride may not restrain;

Sworn with a vigour that is all its own.

Ye who would steer along these doubtful seas,

Lifting your proud sails to high heaven, be-  
ware!

Rocks throng the waves, and tempests load the  
breeze:

Go, search the shores of History—mark there

The Oppressor's lot, the Tyrant's destinies:

Behold the Wrecks of Ages; and despair!

## XI.

## DESPONDENCY IN BAD TIMES.

1817.

**O** THAT the Spirit of my thought could  
spring  
As with an eagle's pinion, to that height  
Where, in the golden palaces of light,  
Yon Type of freedom dwells, throned like a king!  
So might I catch upon expanded wing,  
And the replenished fountains of the sight,  
Gleams fresh from heaven, and stoop my  
earthward flight  
The thunderbolts of vengeance scattering.  
But, as it is, sorrow, and shame, supprest,  
Bow down my heart; and Fancy droops forlorn,  
(Like young birds by rude tempests overborne,  
Or flowers in autumn winds fading full fast)—  
So I, amid this deepening gloom, unblest,  
Sit in my Country's shade, and silent mourn!

## XII.

## COLUMBUS. 1.

THE crimson sun was sinking down to rest,  
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven ;  
And Ocean on her gently heaving breast  
Caught, and flashed back, the varying tints  
of even ;  
When, on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,  
With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts opprest,  
Columbus sat ; till sudden hope was given :  
A ray of gladness shooting from the West.  
O what a glorious vision for mankind  
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind ;  
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly  
grand !  
There stood his Genius, face to face ; and signed  
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand :  
Till a new World sprang up, and bloomed be-  
neath her wand !



## XIII.

## COLUMBUS. 2.

**H**E was a man whom danger could not daunt,  
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;  
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,  
And steeled the path of honour to pursue:  
So, when by all deserted, still he knew  
How best to sooth the heartsick, or confront  
Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view  
The frowns of grief, and the base pangs of want.  
But when he saw that promised land arise  
In all its rare and bright varieties,  
Lovelier than fondest Fancy ever trod,  
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;  
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his  
God;  
And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod!

## XIV.

## COLUMBUS. 3.

BEAUTIFUL realm beyond the western  
main,

That hymns thee ever with resounding wave,  
Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign !

Fruits, flowers, and gems, in rich mosaic pave  
Thy paths : like giant altars o'er the plain

Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, mid  
the rave

Of mighty streams, that shoreward rush amain,  
Like Polypheme from his Etnean cave.

Joy, joy, for Spain ! a seaman's hand confers  
These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers !

But where is He—that light whose radiance  
glows

The load-star of succeeding mariners ?

Behold him ! crushed beneath o'ermastering  
woes—

Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, abandoned to  
his foes !

## XV.

## THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

A MID the torch-lit gloom of Auchen's aisle  
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial Lord,  
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,  
A simple stone, where, fitly to record  
A world of action by a single word,  
Was graven "CARLO-MAGNO." Regal style  
Was needed none: that name such thoughts  
restored  
As sadden, yet make nobler men the while.  
They rolled the marble back: with sudden gasp  
A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,  
Wherestill a mortal monarch seemed to reign.  
Crowned, on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,  
Perfect in each gigantic lineament,  
Otho looked face to face on Charlemagne!

## XVI.

## DIOCLESIAN AT SALONA.

TAKE back these vain insignia of command,  
Crown, truncheon, golden eagle,—baubles  
all—

And robe of Tyrian dye, to me a pall :  
And be for ever alien to my hand,  
Though laurel-wreathed, War's desolating brand:  
I would have friends, not courtiers, in my  
hall ;

Wise books, frank converse, Beauty free  
from thrall,  
And leisure for good deeds, thoughtfully  
planned.

Farewell, thou garish World ! thou Italy,  
False Widow of departed Liberty !

I scorn thy base caresses. Welcome the roll,  
Between us, of mine own bright Adrian sea !  
Welcome these wilds, from whose bold  
heights my soul  
Looks down on your degenerate Capitol !

## XVII.

THE OLD LITERATURE OF  
ENGLAND. 1.

THESE are the mighty footprints that report  
The giant form of antique Literature ;  
Sinews Herculean ; proportion pure ;  
Strength, or agility, for strife or sport ;  
Dexterity in fence ; grace for the Court.  
No meretricious jargon, to allure,  
Wrote those of old ; but language to endure,  
The stern regards of Time. Ill ye assort  
With that undying philosophic spirit  
Which breathes in these worn pages, who deride  
Their scant reward of praise. They best  
inherit  
The fame of a great era, when the pride  
Of nations was, in all things loyalty,  
And trust in God, and magnanimity.

## XVIII.

THE OLD LITERATURE OF  
ENGLAND. 2.

IN them the spirit of reason was not mute,  
Nor uninspired ; such were of little worth :  
Their wisdom seemed some natural attribute ;  
Their faith a plant in Spring-tide budding  
forth :  
For as a tree draws vigour from the Earth,  
So in the depths of reason spreads the root  
Of that strong faith, whose seed hath heavenly  
birth,  
And lifts again to heaven its ripened fruit.  
Yet dared not These to mock by argument  
Mysteries of Grace—self-love they scorned  
to win :  
But power Divine shewed forth, and sternly  
bent  
A Pythian bow against prevailing Sin.  
In works abounding, as in doctrine pure,  
Long shall their memory live, their crowns  
endure !

## XIX.

## THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

THEY fought—nor fought in vain: their  
constancy  
Triumphed on Earth, and they enjoy their  
great  
Reward with God! So may it be our fate  
With spiritual foes to wrestle: so may we,  
Following their track, strong in their armory,  
The traitor host affront, and extirpate  
All schism! Awake! it is not yet too late—  
The Church shall conquer still—and far and free  
Over the nations her bright oriflamb  
Float, like the glorious clouds of evening  
hours,  
That herald peaceful mornings! In the name  
Of God, stand forth, ye consecrated Powers!  
The time is come—ignoble foes surround—  
Falsefriends betray—strike! 'tis on holy ground!

## XX.

## THE CRADLES OF EMPIRE.

TWO mountain centres are there upon earth  
Where mighty Monarchies have reared  
their throne  
And down the conquering rivers followed forth  
The imperial instinct to the ocean zone :  
Deep in the Orient, Caucasus is one :  
Whence sprang the Persian ; where the Mede  
had birth ;  
Where Asshur reign'd, and Babel's glory  
shone ;  
And Cyrus on Belshazzar's godless mirth  
Fell like a thunderbolt. Thence Tamurlane  
Let loose his fatal horsemen ; and the car  
Of Gengis rolled ; and Othman's cimetar  
Smote the last Cæsar 'neath Sophia's fane !  
Above our Alpine throne a nobler star  
Dawned over Greece and Rome ; Alfred and  
Charlemagne !



## II. DESCRIPTIVE.

## I.

## CASTLECONNEL.

**B**ROAD, but not deep, along his rock-  
chafed bed,

In many a sparkling eddy winds the flood,  
Clasped by a margin of green underwood :  
A castled crag, with ivy garlanded,  
Sheer o'er the torrent frowns : above the mead  
De Burgho's towers, crumbling o'er many a  
rood,

Stand gauntly out in airy solitude  
Backed by yon furrowed mountain's tinted head.  
Sounds of far people, mingling with the fall  
Of waters, and the busy hum of bees,  
And larks in air, and throstles in the trees,  
Thrill the moist air with murmurs musical.

While cottage smoke goes drifting on the  
breeze ;  
And sunny clouds are floating over all.

## II.

## KILMALLOCK.

WHAT ruined shapes of feudal pomp are  
there,

In the cold moonlight fading silently ?

The castle, with its stern, baronial air,

Still frowning, as accustomed to defy ;

The Gothic street, where Desmond's chivalry

Dwelt in their pride ; the cloistered house of  
prayer ;

And gate-towers, mouldering where the  
stream moans by,

Now, but the owl's lone haunt, and fox's lair.

Here once the pride of princely Desmond flushed ;

His courtiers knelt, his mailed squadrons rushed ;

And saintly brethren poured the choral  
strain :

Here Beauty bowed her head, and smiled and  
blushed :—

Ah ! of these glories what doth now remain ?

The charnel of yon desecrated fane !

## III.

## THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

**R**OYAL and saintly Cashel ! I would gaze  
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers  
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,  
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,  
But at the close of dim autumnal days,  
When the sun's parting glance, through  
slanting showers,  
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and  
towers  
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's  
Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,  
There breathes from thy lone courts and  
voiceless aisles  
A melancholy moral ; such as sinks  
On the lone traveller's heart, amid the piles  
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,  
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.

## IV.

## THE SHANNON.

RIVER of billows, to whose mighty heart  
The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic sea;  
River of quiet depths, by cultured lea,  
Romantic wood, or city's crowded mart;  
River of old poetic founts, which start  
From their lone mountain-cradles, wild and  
free,  
Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the wood-  
lark's glee,  
And cushat's hymeneal song apart:  
River of chieftains, whose baronial halls,  
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn  
steep,  
Portumna's towers, Bunratty's royal walls,  
Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's gray  
keep—  
River of dark mementoes! must I close  
My lips with Limerick's wrong, with Aughrim's  
woes?

## V.

## THE SEA-CLIFFS OF KILKEE.

AWFULLY beautiful art thou, O sea !  
Viewed from the vantage of these giant  
rocks,

That vast in air lift their primeval blocks,  
Screening the sandy cove of lone Kilkee.  
Cautious, with out-stretched arm, and bended  
knee,

I scan the dread abyss, 'till the depth mocks  
My straining eyeballs, and the eternal shocks  
Of billows rolling from infinity  
Disturb my brain. Hark ! the shrill sea-bird's  
scream !

Cloud-like they sweep the long wave's sapphire  
gleam,

Ere the poised Ospray stoop in wrath from  
high.

Here Man, alone, is nought ; Nature supreme,  
Where all is simply great that meets the eye—  
The precipice, the ocean, and the sky.

## VI.

## THE HILL OF SAINT PATRICK.

THERE is a moment of intense delight  
When, standing on the place of some great  
deed,  
We mark where human intellect for right  
Hath triumphed, as at bloodless Runnymede,  
Or where the victim Spartan fell in fight,  
Self sacrificed, that Hellas might be freed ;  
Beside the walls with Raffaele's soul still  
bright ;  
Or Chatham's tomb, by Senate-kings decreed.  
In such a mood, on this bold height, I stand,  
Where first the holy pilgrim, Patrick, trod,  
And as he gazed upon the glorious land,  
Like Pisgah's Seer, stirred by the inward God,  
With the deep weight of prophecy oppressed,  
Stretched forth, and blessed the land :—and it  
was blessed !

## VII.

## ATLANTIC COAST SCENERY.

## THE CLIFFS. 1.

THESE iron-rifted cliffs, that o'er the deep,  
Wave-worn and thunder-scarred, enormous lower,

Stand like the work of some primeval Power,  
Titan or Demiurgos, that would keep  
Firm ward for ever o'er the bastioned steep  
Of turret-crowned Beltard, or mightiest  
Moher :

Vainly beneath, as though they would devour  
The rooted rocks before them, reel and leap  
The headlong waves : and as a plumed phalanx,  
Crushed in the assault of some strong citadel,  
Indomitable still, its shattered ranks

Cheers to the breach again, and yet again,  
So from the battling billows bursts the swell  
Of a more awful combat than of men !

## VIII.

## COAST SCENERY.

## THE CLIFFS. 2.

THOUGH all is grand, nay, somewhat stern,  
around,

Yet softer beauties decorate the scene :  
No floral garniture of meadow ground,  
No perspective of pastures evergreen,  
No shadowy pomp of woods, no silver sheen  
Of waterfalls, with music in their sound,  
Nor mountains, fading in the blue serene,  
Nor perfume of the gardens, here are found.  
Yet here hath Nature lavished hues, and scent,  
And melody, born handmaids of the ocean :  
Metallic veins, with moss and rock-flowers blent,  
Brighten the laminated crag ; the motion  
Of waves, the breezes fragrant from the sea,  
And cry of birds, combine one glorious  
symphony !



## IX.

## COAST SCENERY.

## THE HAG'S-HEAD CAPE.

THAT last and loftiest cape, whose wasted  
front

Looks down the Atlantic waters evermore,  
Far out above the main sustains a gaunt  
Colossal head (so seems it) bending o'er,  
With stony gaze perpetual, the wild shore :  
There fixed for ages, where her wiles were wont  
To lure and to betray, a mightier Power  
Charmed into stone the Siren at her haunt,  
A monumental beacon. Such the tale  
Our simple hinds rely on, to its place  
Accordant. In that hoary mass we trace  
Features, like death in frost compressed and pale,  
And awful as the sculptures in the vale  
Of Nile—the Memphian Sphinx, and  
Osymandias.

## X.

## COAST SCENERY.

## SPANISH POINT.

THE waters—O the waters!—Wild and  
glooming,  
Beneath the stormy pall that shrouds the sky,  
On, through the deepening mist more darkly  
looming,  
Plumed with the pallid foam funereally,  
Onward, like death, they come, the rocks en-  
tombing!  
Nor thunder knell is needful from on high;  
Nor sound of signal gun, momentarily booming  
O'er the disastrous deep; nor seaman's cry!  
And yet,—if aught were wanting—manifold  
Mementoes haunt those reefs: how that proud  
Host  
Of Spain and Rome so smitten were of old,  
By God's decree, along this fatal coast,  
And over all their purple and their gold,  
Mitre, and helm, and harp, the avenging waters  
rolled!

## XI.

## COAST SCENERY.

## MALBAY SANDS.

**I**T may not be, because this tranquil hour,  
Brightening elsewhere to beauty scenes  
more grand,  
Here lights with milder beam a lowlier strand,  
And that yon sea, like a tired warrior,  
For quiet joy hath laid aside his power,  
That unattractive, therefore, must expand  
This graceful curvature of golden sand  
By the ebbing tide left shining. Vernal bower  
Is scarce more fragrant than those weeds marine  
Fringing the chrysolite, pellucid, wells,  
Wave-worn in the rock, where children stoop  
for shells,  
And braiding yon gray reef with tresses green,  
Where sunset loiterers love at eve to stand—  
Dark groups, with shadows lengthening to  
the land.

## XII.

## COAST SCENERY.

## THE SOLITUDES OF MALBAY.

AND O! ye solitudes of rocks and waters,  
And medicinable gales and sounds  
Lethean,  
Remote from strife and fratricidal slaughters,  
Have I not sighed to hear your mighty Pæan,  
Reverberating through the Empyrean!  
And yearned to gaze while your white-throated  
surges  
Leap, and dissolve in air, like shapes Protean,  
That sport in the sunset, as the moon emerges  
Over the sea-cliff? Have I not felt the longing  
Then most intensely, when the storm-steed  
rushes  
O'er the wild waves tumultuously thronging,  
Smiting their wan crests,—scattering as he  
crushes ;—  
To stand on some lone peak, and hear, from  
under  
Its caverned base, the ocean's melancholy  
thunder?

## XIII.

## RYDAL WITH WORDSWORTH.

WHAT we beheld scarce can I now recall  
In one connected picture ; images  
Hurrying so swiftly their fresh witcheries  
O'er the mind's mirror, that the several  
Seems lost, or blended in the mighty All :—  
Lone lakes ; rills gushing through rock-  
rooted trees ;  
Peaked mountains, shadowing vales of peace-  
fulness ;  
Glens, echoing to the flashing waterfall.  
Then that sweet twilight isle, with friends de-  
layed  
Beside a ferny bank, 'neath oaks and yews ;  
The moon between two mountain peaks em-  
bayed ;  
Heaven and the waters dyed with sunset  
hues :  
And He, the Poet of the age and land,  
Discoursing, as we wandered, hand in hand.

## XIV.

## NIGHTFALL.

THE sun is set, the clouds are on the hill,  
In leaden hue the streamlets are arrayed ;  
And now the damp and gloomy shadows fill  
The depths of every valley, and distil  
Unwholesome vapours through each leafy  
glade :  
O'er the wide scene a sombre gray is laid :  
The distant town and spire lie dim and still ;  
And a cold night wind gathers in the shade.  
Feebler and feebler now all sounds subside ;  
All but the river's ever murmuring tide ;  
All but the rising tempest's sullen swell ;  
Or sheep-dog baying from the moorlands wide ;  
Or stifled utterance of the far church bell,  
Tolling the passing hour, as Nature's parting  
knell !

## XV.

## GOUGAUN BARRA.

NOT beauty which men gaze on with a smile,  
Not grace that wins, no charm of form  
or hue,

Dwelt with that scene. Sternly upon my view,  
And slowly—as the shrouding clouds awhile  
Disclosed the beetling crag and lonely isle—

From their dim lake the ghostly mountains  
grew,

Lit by one slanting ray. An eagle flew  
From out the gloomy gulf of the defile,

Like some sad spirit from Hades. To the  
shore

Dark waters rolled, slow heaving, with dull  
moan ;

The foam-flakes, hanging from each livid stone

Like froth on deathful lips : pale mosses o'er  
The shattered cell crept, as an orphan lone  
Clasps his cold mother's breast when life is gone.

## XVI.

## LISMORE.

A MEETING of bright streams and valleys  
green ;

Of heathy precipice ; umbrageous glade ;

Dark, dimpling eddies, 'neath bird-haunted  
shade ;

White torrents gushing splintered rocks be-  
tween ;

With winding woodland roads ; and, dimly  
seen

Through the deep dell ere hazy sunset fade,

Castle, and spire, and bridge, in gold arrayed ;

While o'er the deepening mist of the ravine

The perspective of mountain looms afar.

Such was our Raleigh's home—and here his  
eye

Drank deep of Nature's wild variety,

Feeding on hopes and dreams ! From the  
world's war

Retired, he dwelt : nor deemed how soon his  
star

Should set, dishonoured, in a bloody sea !



## XVII.

## CASTLE MARTYR.

A GENTLE voice, and plaintive, whispers  
here

Of an unfading, though a widowed love.

Where'er her footsteps wandered, 'neath the  
grove,

By the green margin of the waters clear,

Or through those laurel thickets never sere ;

The seats she pressed, the lawns she loved  
to rove,

Flowers nurtured by her tender hand that  
wove

A living broidery o'er each quaint parterre ;

All, all, unchanged, as when her own warm  
breath

For him diffused fragrance more sweet than  
flowers !

All bright as when the balmy evening hours  
Lured her last footsteps by the accustomed path,  
With him she loved ; unconscious of the death  
Ambushed, even then, in those delicious bowers !

## XVIII.

## GLENGARRIFF. 1.

GAZING from each low bulwark of this  
bridge,  
How wonderful the contrast ! Dark as night,  
Here, amid cliffs and woods, with headlong  
might,  
The black stream whirls, through ferns and  
drooping sedge,  
'Neath twisted roots moss-brown, and weedy  
ledge,  
Gushing. Aloft, from yonder birch-clad  
height  
Leaps into air a cataract, snow-white ;  
Falling to gulfs obscure. The mountain ridge,  
Like a gray Warder, guardian of the scene,  
Above the cloven gorge gloomily towers.  
O'er the dim woods a gathering tempest lours ;  
Save where athwart the moist leaves' lucid green  
A sunbeam, glancing through disparted  
showers,  
Sparkles along the rill with diamond sheen !

## XIX.

## GLENGARRIFF. 2.

A SUN-BURST on the Bay ! Turn and behold !

The restless waves, resplendent in their glory,  
Sweep glittering past on purpled promontory,  
Bright as Apollo's breastplate. Bathed in gold,  
Yon bastioned islet gleams. Thin mists are  
rolled,

Translucent, through each glen. A mantle  
hoary

Veils those peaked hills, shapely as e'er in  
story,

Delphic, or Alpine, or Vesuvian old,  
Minstrels have sung. From rock and headland  
proud

The wild wood spreads its arms around the bay :

The manifold mountain cones, now dark,  
now bright,

Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich  
light

To spectral shade ; and each dissolving cloud  
Reveals new mountains while it floats away.

## III. PERSONAL. MISCELLANEOUS.

## I.

## THE FAMILY PICTURE.

WITH work in hand, perchance some fairy  
cap

To deck the little stranger yet to come ;  
One rosy boy struggling to mount her lap,  
The eldest studious, with a book or map ;  
Her timid girl beside, with a faint bloom,  
Conning some tale ; while with no gentle tap  
Yon chubby urchin beats his mimic drum,  
Nor heeds the doubtful frown her eyes assume.  
So sits the Mother ! with her fondest smile  
Regarding her sweet Little-ones the while :  
And he, the happy man ! to whom belong  
These treasures, feels their living charm beguile  
All mortal care ; and eyes the prattling  
throng  
With rapture-rising heart, and a thanksgiving  
tongue.

## II.

## SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

O MARVEL not that, lonely thus I love  
To pace the devious pathways of this  
wood ;

Or meditate beneath yon piny grove  
Where the slant beam, trembling, dares scarce  
intrude ;

Or mid these mossy rocks in silence brood.

Here thoughts which joy in liberty to rove  
Swell up, like waves in ocean's solitude

When all is calm around, and bright above.  
Yet do I love thee well, Society !

When on my hearth the wintry faggots  
blaze,

And jest, and friendly laugh, ring cheerily ;

Or some dear voice recounts heroic lays ;

Or gentle maid, blushing at whispered praise,  
Sings some pathetic strain of antique harmony.

## III.

## TO OTHER TIMES.

O WHEN I muse below these hazel bowers,  
With ear attuned to the wild babbling  
stream,

Its very lapse goes by me like a dream,  
Recalling distant scenes of weeds and flowers :  
I know of old yon sweeping mountain showers ;  
That ivied crag some ancient friend I deem ;  
The birds salute me ; and those breezes seem  
Laden with odours of departed hours.

But ah !—these tones of early hope and pleasure,  
That stole so sweetly o'er my hours of leisure,

Have not the influence now, they had before :  
Then life was unalloyed, a growing treasure :

But now, each thought I sadly linger o'er  
Tells but of broken ties, and friends that are  
no more !

## IV.

## THE PORTRAIT. T. S. R.

THAT countenance is noble ; we descry  
Features that love might dwell upon for  
ever :

The sweet, clear-spirited glance that's no  
deceiver ;

Firm, yet persuasive lips ; a cheek whose dye  
Study hath stolen some roses from ; an eye  
Upsparkling like the sunbeams on a river ;  
High-swelling brows, throbbing with thought  
that never

Knew darker clouds than sensibility.

My brother !—for to me, indeed, thou art

What nature hath denied me—in my heart

I treasure thy dear lineaments, and dwell  
Long-lingering over each, and loth to part.

Thou look'st upon me with a silent spell

Imaging her fair face we love so well.

## V.

## THE STATUE OF MOSES.

FROM ZAPPI.

WHAT form in everlasting marble wrought  
Sits, giantlike, Art's noblest triumph  
there ?

Voice almost trembles on the lip, high thought  
Seems throbbing on that brow of grandeur  
rare.

'Tis Moses !—Lo ! that beard of wreathing  
hair,

And the twin glories from his temples shot :

Moses !—but with that yet diviner air  
Upon the Mount from God's own presence  
caught.

Such was he once, when the wave's wild rebound  
Hung o'er him vast ; such, when the deathful  
roar

Of waters closed, at the command of Heaven !  
And ye—vile Crew !—once worshippers around  
A worthless calf ; had ye but knelt before  
A shape like this, your sin almost had been  
forgiven !



## VI.

## THE LANDRAIL.

DEAR, wakeful bird ! I bid thine accents  
hail,

When, like the voice of May, thy startling  
note

Comes wandering up the moonlight, grassy,  
vale,

Or hill of springing corn, or reedy moat :

Dearer I love thee than the classic throat,  
Melodious, of the poet's nightingale,

When her aerial numbers wildly float,  
Like fairy music, o'er some haunted dale.

'Tis thine to wake a sweeter harmony ;  
Thrilling the viewless chords of memory :

To come upon the heart in silent hours,  
Touching each trembling pulse deliciously ;  
Recalling vows of youth, Hope's budding  
flowers,

And visions of pure love in amaranthine bowers !

## VII.

## THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

WHAT deep emotions o'er thy features rush,  
Gama!—what sudden tremour of the  
soul?

The storm is past, the moonlit billows roll  
Glossy and still, amid the general hush:  
There's not a sound, save the light rippling gush  
Round the ship's prow; or clear bell's vesper  
toll:—

But ha!—I, too, behold!—the Antarctic pole,  
Lifting her veil of clouds, streams forth a flush  
Of starry light, miraculously bent,  
A glorious Cross, athwart the firmament.

O heavenly Apparition! throned on high  
In form so holy, art thou the covenant  
Of mercy, in our lone extremity,  
Or a memento dire, to warn us ere we die?

## VIII.

## FROM PETRARCH.

I RAISED my mind to heaven, and there,  
methought,

Within the pale of that celestial sphere  
She stood whom long on earth I vainly sought;  
More lovely than of old, and less austere.

She took my hand, and said—"To me, even  
here,

If Hope deceive not, thou shalt yet be brought;

To me, thy mortal bane, yet still most dear,  
From the bright morn of life untimely caught!  
My bliss no human heart can understand:

I wait but thee, and what was dear to thee,  
That delicate mould which yet remains  
beneath."

Why ceased she then to speak—why loosed my  
hand?

At those meek tones, and words of charity,  
My soul of Heaven's pure clime appeared  
to breathe!

## IX.

## FROM PETRARCH.

THAT lovely paleness growing o'er thy face,  
That smile which, as a love-cloud, spreads  
and fades,

Speak with such eloquence, such feeling grace,  
To my fond heart, that answering pallour  
shades

My cheek ; and now I know how souls embrace,  
And thought meets thought, in Eden's sacred  
glades ;

Thoughts kind as thine to me, which none can  
trace

But eyes like mine, which seek no other maids.  
Those gentle deeds, those looks of angel birth,  
Which women in their fondness use to wear,  
How cold to those she deigned on me to bend !  
Her beautiful, soft regards, declined to earth,  
Seemed silently to whisper on my ear—  
“ Who now bereaves me of my faithful  
friend ? ”

## X.

ON THE FUNERAL OF A LADY AND  
HER SON.

THERE I beheld them last—nay, still behold—

The mother, and her son, both on one bier,  
In their small coffins sleeping ; both so dear  
To me, and mine ! The heavy death-bell tolled ;  
And there was gathering of the young and old  
Round those sad obsequies : I, in the rear,  
Stept in slow grief, and deep religious fear,  
Wrapping my heart in my cloak's silent fold !  
And as the earth on each dark coffin's lid

Fell, there were tears, O how sincere ! and  
cries,  
From the thick-crowding Poor, that rose unbid :  
Ay, in far countries, there werestreaming eyes,  
And bosoms choked with sobs ; such as suit well  
A loss whose memory is indelible.

## XI.

VAINLY thou bidst me woo the lofty muse,  
And with weak voice, and hand unskilful,  
try

“To string the orient pearls of poesy :”  
With pencil dipped in Fancy’s rainbow hues  
Thou bidst me all her hopeful light diffuse  
O’er this sad world of dull reality :

In vain !—no slumbering spirit of melody  
Lives on my lyre ; no spell her voice renews.  
The ring-dove does not strain her tender throat  
Vainly ambitious of the finches’ note :

On feeble wing why should I seek to soar,  
When simplest words thy faithful heart can  
bless ?

Why envious wish for bright poetic lore,  
When in thy love I find all happiness ?

M.

## XII.

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM PETRARCH.

AH, once again prolong that thrilling strain  
That tells of transports now forever gone;  
Of fruitless sorrows, eager wishes vain,  
Of baseless dreams, and airy hopes o'erthrown:  
Brightly on us the sun of pleasure shone!  
Now its remembered beams but mock my pain;  
Shaping that form I ne'er shall clasp again—  
From my encircling arms for ever flown.  
For She, too, loved to list thy melting note,  
Asoft we strayed beneath the moon's pale ray;  
While, scarcely heard, the rivulet remote  
Under the quivering beam in beauty lay—  
Angel adored! on thy blest pinions float,  
O'er my sick heart; and sooth my slow decay!

M.

## XIII.

## FROM PETRARCH.

WEeping for all my long-lost years I go,  
And for that love which to this world  
confined

A spirit, whose strong flight, for heaven de-  
signed,

No mean example might on man bestow.

Thou whodidst mark my wanderings and my woe,  
Great King of heaven! unseen, immortal,  
Mind!

Succour this weary being, frail and blind,  
And may thy grace o'er all my failings flow!  
Then, though my life through warring tempests  
passed,

My death may tranquilly and gently come:  
And my calmed soul may flee in peace at last:

While o'er that space which shuts me from  
the tomb,

And on my death bed, be thy blessing cast—  
From Thee, in trembling hope, O God! I wait  
my doom!



## IV. HISTORICAL.

## I.

## THE CRUSADERS. 1.

THE flattering crowd wreath laurels for the  
brow

Of blood-stained chief, or regal conqueror ;  
To Cæsar, or the Macedonian, bow ;  
Meteors of Earth, that set to rise no more —  
A Hero-worship, as of old ! Not now  
Should Christians bend with servile reverence  
o'er

The fading pageantry of paynim lore.  
True Heroes they whose consecrated vow  
Led them to Jewry, fighting for the Cross !  
While not by Avarice lured, or lust of power  
Inspired, they combated that Christ should  
reign,

And life for Him laid down counted no loss.  
On Dorylæum's plain, by Antioch's tower,  
And Ascalon, sleep well the martyred slain.

## II.

## THE CRUSADERS. 2.

**G**ODFREY, first Christian Captain! Bohe-  
mond!

Tancred! and he, whose wayworn gabardine,  
And steel clad limbs, the throne of Constantine  
Pressed in the face of day, though thousands  
frowned!

Once more your dust, beneath the Charmer's  
wand,

Starts into form, and in the heroic line  
Of Scotland's Bard, or Tasso the divine,  
Breathes vital air! Glorious in life, beyond  
The grave ye triumph! With undying Palms  
The soldiers of the Cross are garlanded:

For them the Poet pours immortal breath!  
The song that shall not die their worth embalms!  
Like perfume from the Martyr's sanguine bed  
Glory exhales around their cells of death.

## III.

## THE CRUSADERS. 3.

## THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

A MID the throng the Hermit stood ; so wan,  
Careworn, and travel-soiled ; with genius  
high

Throned on his brow, shrined in his spiritual  
eye.

The Hermit spake—and through the council ran  
A tremour, not of fear ; as in the van,

Chafing before embattled Chivalry,

A proud steed listens for the clarion's cry,  
So sprang they to their feet : and every man,  
Pontiff and Prince, Prelate and Peer, caught up  
Their swords, and kissed the crosiered hilts,  
and swore,

As though their lips the sacramental cup

Had touched, Christ's sepulchre to free ! The  
shore

Of Asia heard that sound, in thunder hurled—

“Deus id vult” from Clermont through the  
world !

## IV.

## THE CRUSADERS. 4.

## THE TEMPLARS.

THE victory for God, or holy death,  
They sought alone ; honour, not length  
of days ;  
For penitence—not joy, nor human praise,  
Nor wealth, nor love—they raised their suppliant  
breath :  
Steeled like their limbs, their hearts were mailed  
in faith :  
Toil, and austere neglect, and the fierce blaze  
Of Asian skies, had bronzed their brow: their  
gaze  
Was as the Serpent's, terrible : beneath  
Their rush in battle, fatal as the Pard,  
The foe fell prone, nor unhop'd mercy prayed :  
Yet in the hour of peace, with helm unbarred,  
Their voice was mild, their hand outstretched  
to aid.  
Chaste and devout ; inflexibly severe ;  
They lived without a smile—gave death no tear.

## V.

## THE CRUSADERS. 5.

## THE CHILDREN BAND.

ALL holy influences dwell within  
The breast of Childhood: instincts fresh  
from God

Inspire it, ere the heart beneath the rod  
Of grief hath bled, or caught the plague of sin.  
How mighty was that fervour which could win  
Its way to infant souls!—and was the sod  
Of Palestine by infant Croises trod?  
Like Joseph went they forth, or Benjamin,  
In all their touching beauty, to redeem?

And did their soft lips kiss the sepulchre?  
Alas! the lovely pageant, as a dream,

Faded! they sank not through ignoble fear;  
They felt not Moslem steel. By mountain,  
stream,

In sands, in fens, they died—no mother near!

## VI.

## THE CRUSADERS. 6.

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

THE Hermit stood beside the Saviour's tomb,  
His mission past, his righteous hopes  
fulfilled ;

He who, long years ago, had wept and kneeled  
At Salem, in her hour of bondage gloom.  
There, too, from taint of blood made pure, they  
come—

Contrite they come—each fiery passion  
stilled—

The warriors of the Cross. Ah ! then how  
thrilled

Thy bosom, Godfrey, treading that dear home  
Of all thy troubled thoughts, and pious toil,  
In the white robe of peace, with temples bare;  
And lingering o'er each hallowed scene—  
where'er

The Saviour's feet had sanctified the soil !  
While red-cross banners waved o'er Moslem  
spoil ;  
And sainted Spirits hovered in the air.

## VII.

## THE CRUSADERS. 7.

## PHILOSOPHIC DEPRECIATION.

“ **W**HAT profit,” cool Economists ex-  
claim,

“ These wasteful brawls and inexpedient wars !  
To get more blows than pence, and ugly  
scars,

Mementoes dire of perishable fame,

Suits not a truly philosophic aim :

Men meddle much, forsooth ; and meddling  
mars

More than it mends : and Turkish cimeters  
Not fiercelier bite than Christian fagot-flame.

Besides, the Arabians were so mathematical !

Moreover, Moslems are extremely prayerful ;  
And Saladin by no means was fanatical !

In short, the more you weigh in balance  
careful

Those old barbaric Christians, void of letters,  
You’ll find Mahometans were much their  
betters.”

## VIII.

## THE CRUSADERS. 8.

## CHRISTIAN ARGUMENT.

**I** ANSWER thus. 'Tis not enough to live  
Securely moral ; watchful not to break  
Strict covenants with Man ; nor to partake  
With sinners : not enough to trade and thrive ;  
And with a grave ostent, give and forgive ;  
Or cherish knowledge as a Power to shake  
Thrones. But it was a noble thing to make  
“ God’s will ” the Nation’s watchword ; and to  
rive  
Selfish ambition from the heart of Kings,  
And lead to righteous ends through painful  
ways.  
Exiles and warriors for the Faith to be,  
Was good ; and good, regardless of the stings  
Of pain and grief, to stand with yearning  
gaze,  
Renouncing Earth, fixed on Eternity !



## IX.

## THE PLANTAGENETS.

TRUE Christians ! worthy Knights ! heroic  
Kings !

They come ; they come ! the regal shades  
draw near,

With bannered pomp advancing—Prince,  
and Peer,

And saintly Prelate. Hark ! the welkin rings  
Triumphant : and the laureled minstrel flings  
Warlike and jubilant music on the ear !

Of Azincour, of Crecy, and Poictier,  
And Ascalon, the inspiring chaunt he sings ;  
Of those three puissant Edwards ; and of him,  
Richard, the lion-hearted warrior ;

And Henry radiant from the fields of  
France.—

Ask'st thou, why years such glory make not  
dim ?

Their works reply : cloister, and fane,  
and tower,

Have voices fine as clarion's utterance !

## X.

## THE BARONS AT RUNNIMEDE.

WITH what an awful grace those Barons  
stood

In presence of the King at Runnimede!

Their silent finger to that righteous Deed  
O'er which, with cheek forsaken of its blood,  
He hung—still pointing with stern hardihood;  
And brow that spake the unuttered man-  
date—"Read!"

"Sign!" He glares round—Never!—Though  
thousands bleed  
He will not! Hush—Low words, in solemn mood,  
Are murmured—and—he signs. Great God!  
were these

Progenitors of our enfeebled kind?  
Whose wordy wars are waged to thwart, or  
please

Minions, not Kings: who stoop with gro-  
velling mind  
To weigh the Pauper's dole—scan right by  
rule—

And plunder churches to endow a school!

## XI.

## THE HOUSE OF TUDOR. 1.

AT length "the glorious sun of York" had  
set

Behind the bloody rim of Bosworth field:

Hurled from his heaven, Richard scorning to  
yield,

Lay like a vanquished Titan. There had met,  
For their last combat, the Plantagenet

And Tudor: there the rival Roses sealed

A covenant: and to the Bridal reeled,  
Drunk with fraternal gore. War ceased—and  
yet

The hereditary fire in Tudor's vein

Bounded: once more contentious cries arose,  
And controversial fury raved again,

And ermined hands smote spiritual foes,  
And brother brother slew! An iron reign

Was Tudor's: yet with blessing at its close.

## XII.

## THE HOUSE OF TUDOR. 2.

A H, sanguinary Race—baptized in blood !  
Rightly by your Lancastrian Ancestor,  
Beneath whose stroke great Edward's grandson  
bowed

Were ye prefigured. Lo! what Phantoms o'er  
Your restless slumbers bend! Warbeck before  
Stern Richmond frowns, and Warwick; long,  
and loud

Grey Salisbury's frantic shrieks of anguish  
pour

On the eighth Harry's ear, and Boleyn's shroud  
Stifles his death-bed prayer. O'er Mary's eyes  
Jane's mild regards, and Cranmer's burning  
hand,

And Latimer, and all that martyr band,  
And Mothers torn from childbed pangs, arise.  
Thou, too, Elizabeth?—Woe worth the day  
When Scotland's Mary died at Fotheringay.

## XIII.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE Lioness that stalks the forest bound  
More awful in her presence and her port  
Looked not than she: high in her cloudy court  
The rock-throned Osprey, glancing sternly round  
Through sun-lit air unshaken by a sound,  
From low desires and the base world's resort  
Seemed elevated less: the Dolphin's sport  
O'er foam-flecked waves and sapphire depths  
    profound  
Shewed not a pageant to the eye of morn  
More bright. Her thoughts were in the purple  
    born;  
Her eye was empery; she gave the nod  
And all obeyed; all earthly powers with scorn  
She noted: yea, the fane itself she trod  
As though she were the sister of a God!

## XIV.

## CHARLES THE MARTYR. 1.

SO generous a master, kind a friend,  
Never beneath the stroke of treason died :  
A Prince more righteous never was defied  
By popular Rage ; nor ever forced to bend  
'Neath factious Hate : in him were seen to blend  
Grandeur with meekness, and the regal pride  
By human virtues tempered, and allied  
With Christian graces. Learning to defend  
The Faith, and zeal to curb the Infidel,  
And constancy the issue to abide,  
Were his. He stood before the Parricide  
Fearless ; and with a martyr spirit fell !  
By impious foes beguiled, false friends be-  
trayed,  
The dying Saint for his destroyers prayed !

## XV.

## CHARLES THE MARTYR. 2.

PERFECT he was not, being but a man,  
And subject to temptation as a King:  
Knowledge came to him from afar, a thing  
Misshaped as craft inspired, or rumour ran.  
He fell upon a time when Thought began  
With Faith to wrestle; and hot youth to  
spring  
Into the seat of age; the Serf to fling  
His chain to earth; the Fanatic to ban  
The altar, and to beard anointed Power.  
Authority so scorned, prerogative  
So lightly valued, and so ill defined,  
Unhappy was the Prince who ruled that hour!  
Unhappy we—unless our hearts we give  
To that great warning he bequeathed  
mankind!

## XVI.

## THE PARLIAMENTARY LEADERS.

**H**AMPDEN and Essex, Fairfax, Algernon !  
 Ay, these were Hearts not narrowed to  
 a Sect :

Generous of blood, in cultured Intellect  
 Supreme, they stood apart ; the wreaths they  
 won

Sprang not in crypts—they wrought in the  
 open sun :

Amid the baser crew they moved erect,  
 Frank in their speech, their acts above suspect ;  
 Danger they scorned, and praise, or malison,  
 Nor sought nor would avoid. Stern, tho' sin-  
 cere,

And more admired than loved, they toiled to  
 gain

A barren victory, and died in vain.  
 And O ! forget not Her, their bright Compeer—  
 Her, who spake fearless for her Sovereign  
 Before his Butchers—high-souled child\* of  
 Vere !

\* Lady Fairfax : daughter of Sir Horace Vere, Lord Tilbury. See Clarendon's account of her conduct at the trial of the King.



## XVII.

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

**F**IERCE as his sword at Naseby and Dun-  
bar—

Cold as the hidden cuirass on his breast—

Swift in pursuit as falcons—in acquest

Eager as vultures, scenting from afar

The steam of battle, the foul feast of war—

Amid a ruffian Faction chief confest

Stood Cromwell ; prompt with equal skill to  
wrest

God's law, or institutes of man to dare.

Yet, though he reached, he dared not mount  
the throne ;

Though in his grasp, he durst not wear the  
crown :

Lo ! round his board the spectral poniards  
gleam !

Hark ! by his couch the ghostly victims moan !

His pale lips quiver, his shut eyelids stream ;

Stung by the pangs of that Orestean dream !

## XVIII.

## JAMES THE SECOND.

THE schoolmen of the state have done thee  
wrong

Lear of the latter time ! Thee, too, false  
daughters,

Cheering their mates to parricidal slaughters,  
Hunted to hopeless exile. In the throng  
Of bloodhounds, tracking thy pale flight along,  
The nursling of thy heart, the household  
friend,

The creature of thy bounty, these, to rend  
Their palpitating Victim, foremost sprung.  
Stern was the doom ! yet forfeiture was just.

That oath, the sacred sanction of the throne,  
By the Church hallowed, clothed thee with a  
trust

Enduring as the jewel of thy crown.

Thou from that oath didst fall, that Church  
disown,

Therefore thy People fell from thee like dust.

## XIX.

## THE MAN OF GLENCOE.

**I**F this be true, that from thy lip, or hand,  
The mandate passed—or the inexpressive  
eye

Kindling to keen, yet cold ferocity,  
Consented—or that hints forestalled command—  
Too long hath Vengeance slept: too long the  
brand

Of shame by flattering wreaths been hid. To  
die

Untimely, yet unjudged, doth not imply  
Atonement. Rise, at last, and take thy stand,  
Great King! before the Avenger! Wake—  
arise!

Posterity the Judge, amid the cries

Of the unforgotten slain, his sentence slow  
Records;—for desecrated household ties?—

For wrong fraternal? filial treason?—No!

Grave on his tomb but one dark word:

“Glencoe.”

## XX.

## THE SOLDIERS OF SARSFIELD.

**B**EFORE the standards of his daughter  
flying

By Boyne's dark stream, even as a stag at  
bay,

Stood hapless James in arms ; yet loathed to  
slay.

One faithful Band alone, mid foes defying,  
And perjured friends deserting and denying,  
Clung round him as a breastplate thro' that  
day,

The fate they might avert not to delay :  
There, where ill-omened Dane, and Dutchman  
dying

Lay thickest, his wild slogan o'er the plain  
Sarsfield's indomitable soldiers pealed, ;  
In vain, alas ! for James ! but not in vain  
For vengeance ! Soon Almanza heard once more  
That cry : and Fontenoy's disastrous field  
Those fatal bayonets dyed with kindred gore.

## XXI.

THE SCOTTISH BISHOPS AT THE  
REVOLUTION.

**G**REAT Witnesses on earth for sacred truth  
Were Scotland's ancient Prelates: "Serve  
the King"—

So spake the Tempter: "Serve, and ye shall  
bring

Much profit to your Order—triumph, in sooth,  
Unto the Church—and to your foemen ruth!"

Knowing their danger, and the Man, this  
thing

They would not. No! though Persecution  
wring

The panting heart, and Penury's fell tooth

Gnaw at their vitals! Gloriously they dared

The crisis. But the traitorous Tempter—he,

Cold Trafficker in profitable crime—

For him was the red arm of Justice bared?

The Church strikes not: but waiting

God's good time

Endures, not sanctions, passing Tyranny.

## V. RELIGIOUS AND MORAL.

## I.

## PRAYER.

AND what is prayer? not with bold grasp  
to seize

God's gifts, as suitors clamouring for a share ;  
Not cold, set phrases, loud doxologies,  
Of Wealth or Wisdom, patronizing prayer ;  
Not cant, that hurls with sanctimonious air  
Fanatic comminations ; not bent knees,  
Bowed necks, joined palms, brows crossed  
with pious care ;

(Harmless but feeble ceremonies these !)  
Not such is prayer. God's shrine is in our hearts :  
From them the prostrate spirit silently  
Proffers its adoration ; meditates  
The Gospel word ; for pardon supplicates ;  
Fears, yet confides ; from duty not departs ;  
Feels faith on earth, hope in eternity !

## II.

## PRINCIPLE, NOT EXPEDIENCY.

SHALL it be said, O Lord ! shall it be said  
 That men must be incited on their path  
 Of trial through this world by hope, or dread,  
 Of human accident in life or death ?

Why on this world's vain wisdom waste we  
 breath,

Follies of false philosophy, inbred ?

Why preach the *recompence* that virtue hath—  
 The *worth* of character—the *glory* shed

On patriotic deeds ? Should we not ever

Make Right our rule, which is immutable ;

Nor fear a fall when strong in Principle ?

Good works are Acts of Faith. Christ does not  
 sever

The deed from the design, and the endeavour :

But makes the basis of His law God's will !

## III.

## JERUSALEM.

AND sit'st thou there, O lost Jerusalem !  
Bowed down, yet something still of royal  
state

Ennobling thee in ruin ? Thee the weight  
Of age regards not : thou art as the gem  
Undimmed by time : yet is the diadem,  
And thrones, that made thee like the common  
Great,

All perished, and thy People desolate ;  
Thy holiness a scoff, thy power a dream !  
The arm of the Omnipotent is on

Thy guiltiness ; a living Death art thou ;  
An all-enduring miracle : for God  
Hath set, in record of His slaughtered Son,  
His ineffaceable seal upon thy brow ;  
And cursed the land a dying Saviour trod !



## IV.

## INTIMATIONS OF PAST EXISTENCE.

O MORN of life! fast fleeting moments  
lent

For sinful souls on trial! Dost thou, indeed,  
Bear witness to some foregone act decreed  
By righteous Power to tempered punishment?  
O pleasant dreams of childhood! are ye sent  
Preluding knowledge;—light designed to feed  
The fruitful germ within its flowery tent?

Or, rather, hold we not that as the seed  
Is of the flower begotten, Memory  
Still prompts the vision? Thus the slumbering  
child,

On pinions unforgotten wafted free,  
Floats o'er the shadowy breadth of waters  
wild;

Revels in light, the tissue of the morn;  
And hears the choral swell of harmonies sphere-  
born!

## v.

THERE is no remedy for time misspent ;  
No healing for the waste of idleness  
Whose very languor is a punishment  
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.  
O hours of indolence and discontent,  
Not now to be redeemed ! ye sting not less  
Because I know this span of life was lent  
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.  
Not to be wiled away in aimless dreams,  
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,  
Life, and its choicest faculties were given.  
Man should be ever better than he seems :  
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,  
To walk adorning earth, with hope of  
heaven.

## VI.

OFt have I thought they err, who, having  
lost

That love-gift of our youth an infant child,  
Yield the faint heart to those emotions wild  
With which, too oft, strong memory is crost,  
Shrinking with sudden gasp, as if a ghost  
Frowned in their path. Not thus the precepts  
mild

Of Jesus teach, which never yet beguiled  
Man with vain promises. God loves us most  
When chastening us: and He who conquered  
Death

Permits not that we still deem death a curse.  
The font is Man's true tomb; the grave his  
nurse

For heaven, and feeder with immortal breath.  
O grieve not for the Dead! none pass from earth  
Too soon: God then fulfils His purpose in our  
birth!

## VII.

## SACRED AND PROFANE WRITERS.

LET those who will hang rapturously o'er  
The flowing eloquence of Plato's page,  
Repeat, with flashing eye, the sounds that pour  
From Homer's verse as with a torrent's rage ;  
Let those who list, ask Tully to assuage  
Wild hearts with high-wrought periods, and  
restore

The reign of rhetoric, or maxims sage  
Winnow from Seneca's sententious lore.  
Not these, but Judah's hallowed bards, to me  
Are dear : Isaiah's noble energy ;

The temperate grief of Job ; the artless strain  
Of Ruth, and pastoral Amos ; the high songs  
Of David ; and the tale of Joseph's wrongs,  
Simply pathetic, eloquently plain.

## VIII.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

SWEET-SOUNDING bells, blithe summoners to prayer !

From midnight till auspicious day return  
Your far re-echoing melody, wind-borne  
From dome and tower comes bounding on the  
air ;

As though the mighty voice of Earth were there,  
The jubilant cry of multitudes, to warn  
Creation that a Saviour-Lord this morn  
For all had birth ! Far off, and every where,  
Swells the harmonious tumult ; billowy sound,  
Wild, yet concordant ; beautifully blending  
With the sonorous organ of the wind :

O fortunate indeed ! if there be found  
Hearts dutiful as voices—souls ascending  
To heaven, with love sincere, faith uncon-  
fined !

## IX.

## THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

UNFEELING World ! I mourn your  
vanished worth :

For when I look around, where'er I turn,  
I can see nought but selfishness on earth ;  
Something to hate, to pity, or to scorn.

The Rich are grown too strong, the Poor  
forlorn ;  
The tongue of Malice thrives ; and there's a  
dearth

Of all the milder traits that should adorn  
Or smooth the frailties of our human birth.

O ! I would rather, in some distant nook,  
Beneath a sheltering oak, beside a brook,

Far from the varying passions of mankind,  
Know nothing of their ways but in a book ;

Be to their follies deaf, their vices blind,  
And leave, for ever, all their joys and griefs  
behind !

## X.

THOUGH care may sap the mind, and  
anguish bend,

And man may wither at the touch of grief,  
Still may one faithful remedy befriend  
His saddest hour, and bring a sure relief;  
And in the book of life, however brief,  
He still may find some tear-dipped smiles attend;  
Detect some lurking charm in every leaf;  
And close it up, with pleasure, at the end:  
For as the traveller of a stormy day,  
When through the opening clouds the evening  
ray

Glimmers with dewy lustre in the west,  
Hails the bright promise, so the good man's way  
Looks fairest at the final hour of rest,  
When Life lies down in sleep to waken with  
the Blest!

## XI.

## THE PASSION-FLOWER.

ART thou a type of beauty, or of power,  
Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin ?  
For each thy name denoteth, Passion-flower !

O no ! thy pure corolla's depth within  
We trace a holier symbol ; yea, a sign  
'Twixt God and man ; a record of that hour  
When the expiatory Act divine  
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal  
dower.

It is the Cross ! never hath Psalmist's tongue  
Fitlier of hope to human frailty sung

Than this mute Teacher in a floret's breast—  
A star of guidance the wild woods among ;  
A page, with more than lettered lore imprest ;  
A beacon to the havens of the Blest



## XII.

THE 24<sup>TH</sup> OF AUGUST, 1830.

HOW oft, in youth, I loved to muse beneath  
The shadow of this ancient cloister dim ;\*

Watching, beyond those arches dark and grim,  
Bright through the gloom, yon river's ample  
breadth,

Like Hope on Sorrow smiling ! But Time  
fleeth :—

Now, with vain bitterness my eyelids swim !

These peopled quays, towers, bridge, no more  
to him

Give joy, whose Hope lies yonder, veiled in death.

Yet, would I wrestle with these pangs, and look

Stedfast to heaven, with hand upon that book

Whence not alone through holy lips are  
heard

Precept and law from sage or saint departed,

But the deep breath of God's sufficing word,

Outpouring, sweet as tears, to sooth the weary-  
hearted !

\* Askeyton Abbey.

## XIII.

EASTERDAY, 1834.

**A** GAIN God's messenger hath visited  
My Fold, and from my little flock with-  
drawn

A spotless lamb : my Gentle-one is dead !  
Her beauty—O how precious in the dawn  
Of intellectual expression—gone  
To an untimely grave ! and yet, though fled  
From earth, though never more in wood or  
lawn

Her step shall bound before us, God hath shed  
Balm, even from the vial of His wrath ;  
And we walk cheered, though tearful, down  
our path.

O Comforter ! still heavenward points thy  
hand,

Where my rapt Treasures, clasped in mute  
embraces,

Immortal gleams lighting their upturned faces,  
With the Cherubic choir take their appointed  
stand !

## XIV.

## THE EPISCOPAL CHARACTER.

WHOE'ER, through God's permission, and  
endowed

With providential graces, and impelled  
By the heart's inward voice, clear though not  
loud,

Holds in his grasp that staff the Apostles held,  
Upon his brow the sacred snows of eld  
Should manifest experience ; yet no cloud

Obscure those eyes, where Passion, long since  
quelled,  
Hath left his throne to Wisdom. Firm, not  
proud,

His mien should be ; and firm his voice, though  
mild ;

His language, as his heart, frank like a child ;

His judgment subtle, not perplexed ; his  
spirit

Such as becomes an angel-warrior ;

The zeal of ancient days he should inherit ;  
And Faith dwell with him, an abiding Power !

## XV.

## THE DIVINE LAW.

THE natural Law, howe'er remote, obscure  
Of origin, lies patent to the eye  
Of Reason ; whence astute Philosophy  
From shrewd induction points to issues sure :  
The laws of men but for a time endure ;  
And vary, as their plastic frame we spy  
Through shifting glasses of expediency—  
The Laws of God, immaculately pure,  
Unalterably firm, whose sanctions claim  
Affinity with naught of Earth, these laws  
Have their deep root in Faith, in Hope their  
aim,  
In Mystery their birth, in Love their cause ;  
League Earth with Heaven ; and, knowing how  
to bind  
Angels with Power, have care for human kind.

## XVI.

## THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

SO frail is the condition of our birth,  
Our human course with such disasters  
    fraught,  
    That solaces are needful of high thought :  
Our hearts are hungered, aching through the  
    dearth  
Of knowledge : harvests gleaned from sensual  
    Earth  
    Feed not the soul : etherial fields are sought,  
    Regions whereto the soaring spirits are  
        caught  
Like eaglets from their eyrie darting forth  
Into the sunrise. To attain—to know—  
    Is Man's bold prayer. Alas ! the gates of  
        sense  
Unbarred, through them shall lore immortal  
    flow ?  
Shall intellect reveal, Man's art declare,  
    Mysteries of Grace—Redemption—Provi-  
        dence ?  
Wisdom and Faith are one ! Be Faith our  
    prayer.

## XVII.

**I**N argument compressed, in words concise ;  
In illustration apt and liberal ;  
Prompt in debate, sagacious to advise ;  
With zeal, nor doubt, nor danger, might appal ;  
Christians devout, and Churchmen filial ;  
Profound, impassioned, lofty, learned, wise :  
Such were the men, teachers authentical,  
The Church required—God granted. Energies  
Like theirs were wasted not in honied phrase,  
Or frothy descant, or light metaphor.  
They laboured, earnest to instruct, not please ;  
Their words were full of weight, as sterling  
ore ;  
Their thoughts we ponder—an exhaustless  
store—  
Crying—“ God’s blessing surely was with  
these !”

## XVIII.

## LAUD.

OF dauntless spirit, with untiring zeal ;  
Loving his native land ; munificent ;  
A liegeman true ; a churchman firmly bent  
On duty ; with a faith, like tempered mail,  
Strong to resist ; and courage to prevail,  
Or bear, how stern soever the event ;  
So loyally with us dwelt Laud, intent  
On God's high service, knowing not to quail.  
Ay, such was Laud ! to death, and after death,  
Implacably borne down ; even in the grave  
Maligned. Yet great was his reward, in faith,  
And love of that dear Church he toiled to save.  
A righteous Confessor—a steadfast guide—  
He lived : a martyr for the Truth he died !

## XIX.

## CHARLES THE SECOND.

NOT mid wild revelry, ignoble games,  
And sensual dalliance, wasting year by  
year,  
Should thus the Monarch-martyr's Son  
appear :  
No frivolous Trifler, steeped in public shames,  
No Ingrate, scornful of all social claims,  
Should mount the lineal throne restored,  
Sincere  
That heart should be ; and many a pious tear  
Temper those radiant eyes ; and holy aims  
Make bright thy path, to gladden a sad realm.  
All joy for thee should gleam with chastened  
ray ;  
Hope lure no Memory of the Past away ;  
For lo !—even now—the thunder-clouds, to  
whelm  
Thy fated House, impend ; and coming Doom  
Shadows thy faded cheek with deeper gloom !



## XX.

## UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

**C**HILDREN of God, high privilege have we,  
For whom, throughout the world, all fel-  
low saints

Exalt to heaven their prayers continually:

Not lonely kneel we, nor unpitied faints

Our heart ; nor unaccompanied our low  
plaints

Ascend: a mighty chain of sympathy

Binds Christian men together, and acquaints

Their souls with love, and thoughtful charity.

O joy ! that we, who pray for all, by all

Commended are to God in daily prayer :

Yea, now, as in time past, and yet again

Through time to come, that Church which shall  
not fall

From night to morn, breathes forth upon the  
air

Meek intercession for the sons of men.

## XXI.

## THE CHURCH.

A Y, wisely do we call her mother: she  
Who from her liberal breast yields sus-  
tenance

To nations ; a majestic Charity !

No marble symbol cold, on suppliant glance  
Deceitful smiling ! Strenuous her advance,  
Yet calm ; while holy ardours, fancy-free,

Direct her measured steps : in every chance  
Sedate—as Una 'neath her forest tree

Encompassed by the lions. Why, alas !

Must her perverse and thoughtless children  
turn

From her example ? why must the sultry  
breath

Of Bigotry stain Charity's pure glass ?

Poison the springs of Art and Science—burn  
The brain through life, and sear the heart  
in death !

## XXII.

## THE RIGHT USE OF PRAYER.

**T**HEREFORE when thou wouldst pray, or  
dost thine alms,

Blow not a trump before thee : hypocrites

Do thus, vaingloriously ; the common streets

Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.

On such the laud of men, like unctuous balms,

Falls with sweet savour. Impious Counter-  
feits !

Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats !

Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms !

God needs not iteration nor vain cries :

That man communion with his God might  
share

Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer :

Vague ambages, and witless ecstacies,

Avail not : ere a voice to prayer be given

The heart should rise on wings of love to  
heaven.

## XXIII.

## THE BROTHERHOOD IN CHRIST.

ALL men are brethren in God's equal eye ;  
Yea, sons of God, partaking Christian  
    grace.

How fades all outward pomp of power and  
    place,  
Glory and wealth, frail beauty's pageantry,  
Prerogatives of earth that swiftly fly,  
    Before that noblest birthright of our race,  
The Brotherhood with Christ ! Now face to  
    face

With God we stand. In Him disparity  
Of love, proportioned to man's earthly state,  
    Exists not : right of eldership is none  
Where all with Christ are heirs. The Low, the  
    Great,  
The Wise, the Simple, gather round His  
    throne

In heaven, one equal boon to supplicate :—  
God's sons confest ! the Brethren of the Son !

## XXIV.

“THY KINGDOM COME.” 1.

THY diadem is Grace, Thy sceptre Power,  
Lord of that kingdom which shall have  
no end !

Thou, at whose frown Hell quakes, and demons  
cower,

With Thee shall Man debate—shall Earth  
contend ?

Thou Chainer of the Proud ! Thou who canst  
bend

Stiff-necked Rebellion in his fiercest hour—

O ! mighty Monarch ! dost Thou condescend  
To visit Man ; partake a Mortal's bower ?

Giver of all things ! Didst Thou share with Man  
His common wants ? Prince of the star-set  
heaven !

Didst Thou lie down in the grave's narrow span ?

O ! once again to us—condemned, forgiven—  
Return in glory, righteous Judge ! and grant  
Triumphant Palms to Thy Church Militant !

## XXV.

“THY KINGDOM COME.” 2.

**Y**E sleepers of the grave ! in hope sleep well.  
Your bodies shall awaken, O ye Just !

Triumphant from the unforgotten dust,  
And with the Angelic Host which never fell,  
Martyrs, and good men perfected, shall dwell !

The glorious Kingdom is not full : the first  
Who went—all living—all who yet shall burst  
The gates of life, foreknown, the pomp shall  
swell

Of that high Retinue. O Man ! thine ear  
Even now the innumerable march can hear,  
Afar, of that great host. For this we dare  
With daily orisons, in life or death,  
To kneel. Whate’er the object of our faith,  
Hope still may be inspirer of our prayer.

## XXVI.

THE Kingdom over all; Power uncontrolled;  
Glory that makes all other lustre pale;  
Are Thine—have ever been—shall never fail!  
Therefore to Thee our suppliant hands we fold—  
Therefore our hearts, our lips, in faith, are  
bold—

Therefore in Thee with grateful hymns we  
hail

All-seeing Justice, Truth that shall prevail,  
And Love which heaven's great compass cannot  
hold.

All these for ever! Time can never be  
When prayer avails not: the Almighty Will  
Through prayer alone its mercies can fulfil.  
Great need of mercy—yea, great hope, have we!  
In the old time before us we have heard  
His deeds—trust, now, the promise of His  
Word!

## XXVII.

“ AMEN ! ”

SO let it be !—The prayer that Christ enjoins  
Live ever in our soul, and on our tongue !  
So let it be !—The worship He assigns  
Our great Creator, with thanksgiving song,  
From hearths, in temples, yea, wild woods  
among,  
Pour forth !—So let it be !—As drooping vines  
Drink the reviving shower, so sink along  
Our hearts His precepts ! Lo ! one word en-  
shrines  
Full attestation of our faith. “ Amen ”  
Includes the sum of our assent, and bears  
The seal of truth : it is the wing of prayers,  
Speeding the voice of millions, not in vain,  
To God’s high throne, borne on seraphic airs,  
To ratify in heaven our glorious gain !



